Already broken by bluesmoke

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"Eleven, do you hear me? El, it's me. It's Mike. It's the 326th day without you and I am here, trying to call you, again."

Already broken

"Eleven, do you hear me? El, it's me. It's Mike. It's the 326th day without you and I am here, trying to call you, *again*.

I'm fine and everything's fine and if you were here, you would look me in the eyes and say *"Mike, friends don't lie"*. And you're right, El and I don't want to lie to you.

Today was a long and rough day, like yesterday and like the day before yesterday and like the day before that and the day before that and, you know, all *the days since you left*. I try to act normal, but my friends know that there is something wrong, but they don't know what. Do you want to know what's wrong, El? Me.

I am wrong. I am wrong because everyone is moving on, but I can't. All of them are forgetting and I am not and I am not because every damn night I sit here, in your damn place, and I try to call you on the same damn channel with this damn walkie-talkie. And they make me feel wrong.

What is the problem in having hope?

I hate how they look at me, like I am going to break. But *I can't break*, El. I can't because, you know, you can't break something or someone *already broken*. You can only fix it, or at least try, but you can't break it again. And I don't know if I want to heal, because this hole I feel in my chest, reminds me that you were there, that *you were real*.

Yesterday I had a fight with Nancy. She said that I am not living but only existing and I don't know pretty good what she meant. But then she said that I am stuck *in the past* and I have to move on and I got mad and yelled at her that I love you. Yeah, El, now you know. Nancy said that a 13 years-old-boy can't love, can't know what love is or how it works. But who is her to tell me what can I feel?

Why I can't love?

I think you are beautiful, even with short hair, even with that pink dress and, I don't know if I ever told you, but I hate pink, I feel my

heart beats hard everytime I think of you and I miss you so much right now. How do you call this? *I think is love.* It has to be.

Are you still there, El? Can you still hear me?

I know you are still alive, don't ask me how I know. I just know. *I feel it.* I like to imagine you somewhere warm and comforting. I like to imagine you with your hair a little longer. I always asked to myself if you have straight or curly hair. *I would like you anyway*, so it doesn't matter.

Where are you, El? Are you okay?

Can you see me in your mind?

I am talking too much tonight, I know. I know that you are afraid of those bad man and I know you are hiding. I will grow up, El. I will grow up and I will protect you and you will feel safe.

You will be safe with me, El. Believe me. It's a promise. *I promise you.*

It's time for me to go to bed, because I have school tomorrow.

Goodnight, Eleven. And, yeah, *I love you.* Goodnight."

Author's Note:

> This is the first time I write for this fandom.
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